

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Mr Roosevelt copied out a few of these lines from Longfellow for Mr Churchill and sent them by Mr Willkie

## Sail On, O Ship of State!

Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

## SO PERISH EVIL EVERYWHERE

### The Sands Are Running Out in Libya

The CN is just old enough to have recorded the beginning of the Italian Empire (1911), and is glad to have survived to see it crumble. We recorded at the time the dropping by Italy of the first bombs ever thrown from the sky, and raised our voice

against this new and shameless form of warfare. We reproduce below the CN story of the invasion and massacre of Tripoli, as Libya was then called; it was the first of all the foul deeds that have disgraced Italy and Germany in this 20th century.

ITALY has broken the law of nations and the law of humanity by making war on Turkey, a nation which is struggling to redeem itself after years of cruel misgovernment.

One of the most honoured and sacred duties of a nation is to help by every means in its power to keep the peace of the world, to prevent bloodshed, to guard against wrong by itself doing right. Italy has done the opposite of all these things. Garibaldi, who gave the first king of Italy his throne, would have hated this cowardly war.

She coveted one of Turkey's African possessions, called Tripoli. The total area of the province is nearly 400,000 square miles, but the only part of importance is Tripoli, the capital, and the fruitful coast region. In order to gain an excuse for seizing this territory Italy, like a powerful bully, forced a quarrel on Turkey, then swiftly acted,

### The Bully

Italy declared that Turkey had hindered her trade and unfairly treated Italians in Tripoli; then gave Turkey one day's notice that she must surrender Tripoli to her. The whole complaint was flimsy and forced, but had every word been justified all could have been settled by friendly means at the Peace Tribunal set up by the nations at The Hague. Such a course, however, would not have suited Italy.

TURKEY was not prepared for war. She has been passing through a revolution, and is still feeling the effects of years of mismanagement by the wicked Sultan she had to depose two years ago. But, poor and defenceless as she is, she could not give up this province at the command of an unscrupulous rival Power.

So when the 24-hours notice had expired Italy sent a great fleet of war vessels to Tripoli. The Turkish troops in the capital could not fight battleships at sea, so they had to withdraw into the interior of the country.

A few poor gunners heroically remained in the shore batteries, but their efforts were as hopeless as those of a man armed with a pea-shooter fighting a man with a revolver. The gunners were all killed or wounded, and the fight was over almost as soon as it began. Then an Italian admiral went ashore and took possession of Tripoli for Italy.

### A Turkish General Speaks

All the civilised world has looked on in pain and anger at this shameful spectacle, and none interfered to prevent the outrage. Italy is called a Christian country; Turkey is a weak, poverty-stricken Moslem country. In this instance the so-called Christian land and the religion for which it stands have been disgraced. All the world of freedom has been the friend of Italy since Garibaldi led the nation to unity and greatness; but Italy in this war has not merely risked the peace of Europe, but has lost the respect of those who love peace and freedom everywhere.

ITALY has chosen to fight where Turkey has no means of meeting her, and there is something thrilling in the fine letter which a Turkish General

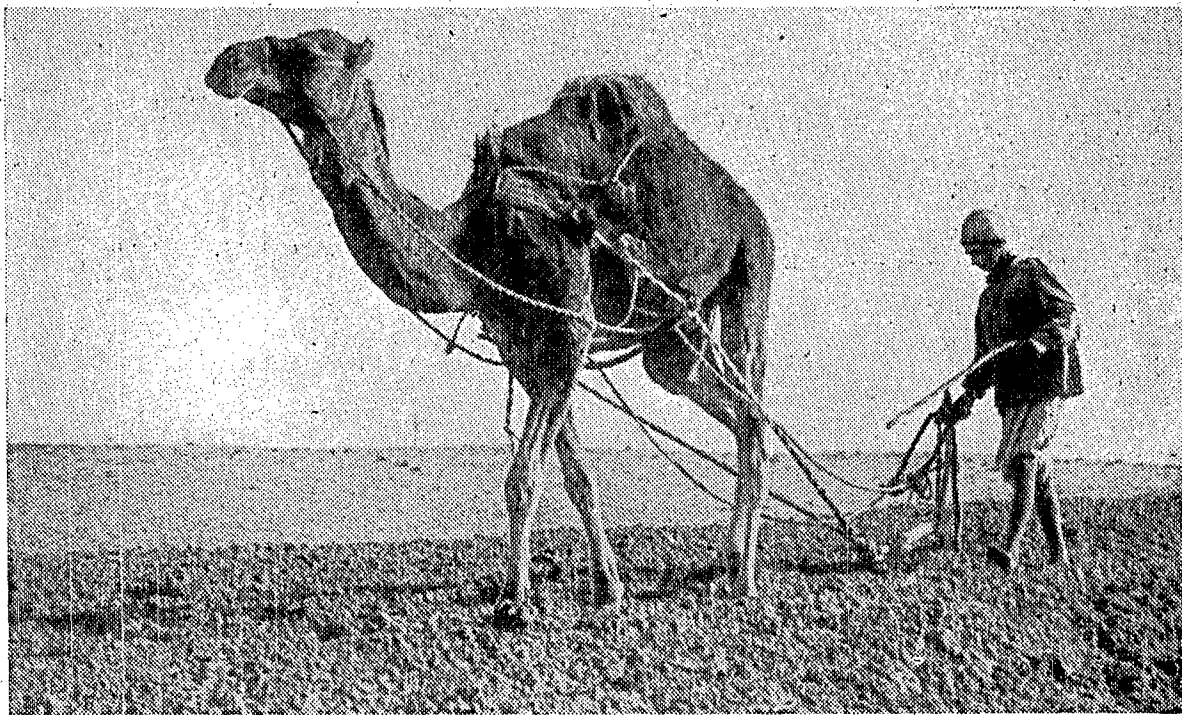
has addressed to the Italian nation. Here is this soldier's challenge to the enemies of his country:

To Italians—The Old Regime deprived us of naval strength, making it difficult for us to give chase after the Italian fleet and to drive them from our distant possessions. Nothing is easier than for Italy to declare war—Italy, whose army has no glorious past and no records of victory! She has made war on a brave people whom she will never meet in fair conflict. I therefore throw in the face of Italy this challenge.

Let the Italians land here in Turkey, or let us land in Italy. Let us then face one another with equal forces. Let Italy choose her finest troops, and array them in the most favourable situations.

Fatherland has led to a hideous massacre. Let us understand the rather complicated conditions out of which all this tragedy arose.

The city of Tripoli is situated on the fringe of the desert. In front of it is the sea, behind it is a waste of barren sand. The city is built in a little oasis, a place in the desert rendered fertile by the presence of springs of water which enable dates and oranges and olives to grow wild. The Arab residents, of whom there were several thousand, had built their homes in this oasis. Beyond the oasis lies the wide desert, but a few miles out there is a bigger oasis, 15 miles long.



Ploughing a fertile strip in the desert sands of Libya

Let these forces, and the conditions of the battle, and the result, be decided and verified by the neutral Powers. Then we shall see! Then this war, declared by Italy in such a dastardly inhuman way, will no longer be an eternal shame to her. But the memories she would carry away from such a field of battle would make her slow, another time, to provoke a foe ready to die for the defence and integrity of its country.

To gratify a selfish desire for territory to which she had absolutely no right, Italy has made one of the wickedest wars ever known, and run the risk of involving the whole of Europe in deadly strife. It is a crime against all nations, not only against one, and every picture in every church in Italy cries out against it.

### A Month Later

ITALY has found that the people of Tripoli will not tamely submit to having their homes snatched from them by an act of brigandage; and the effort of the natives to maintain their right to their

Before the landing of the Italians the Turkish troops withdrew from Tripoli into this oasis. They wished to stay and fight to the death, but as such a course would have brought destruction from the Italian guns upon women and children they were persuaded to leave.

### The Butchers

But though the Turks had given up the city they had not given up the fight. Accompanied by many Arabs of the desert, they made brave attacks on the Italian position, and while one of these attacks from the desert was in progress, fixing the attention of the Italians in the front, the Arabs in Tripoli suddenly attacked the invaders from the rear, so that the Italians were between two fires.

A sharp fight of twenty minutes quelled the rising; Arabs badly armed could not compete with cannon and machine-guns. When they had won their short battle the Italian army punished them with fiendish savagery.

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## 800,000 Square Miles of Water in the News

THE Mediterranean, so prominent in the news today, is the world's biggest inland sea. It is over 2000 miles from east to west, linking the Atlantic, by way of the narrow Straits of Gibraltar, with the Indian Ocean, now that the Suez Canal enables ships to sail into the Red Sea.

Geologists believe that this vast stretch of water, over 800,000 square miles in extent, may be one of the oldest seas in the world, and the story of mankind may well have begun near its shores.

Today the Mediterranean washes the coasts of three continents and over a dozen countries, among them Spain, France, Italy, Albania, and Greece in Europe; Turkey and Palestine in Asia; and Egypt, Libya, Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis in Africa. Among its smaller seas are the Adriatic, the Ionian, and the Aegean, and into it pours the mighty River Nile, without which Egypt would be little better than a desert.

Famous of old were the islands of the Mediterranean, many of which are so often in the news. Numbered by thousands, they include the Balearic Islands off the coast of Spain; Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily in the neighbourhood of Italy; Malta, which Hitler is so anxious to possess; Cyprus, also playing its part in the war; and Crete, with traces of a civilisation going back half a hundred centuries.

## The Brewers and Our Food

WHEN the nation has to ration its food, ought we to spare ships and money for alcoholic drinks? The point was raised in the Great War, and is now raised again.

Dr Horwood Tucker, senior chemistry lecturer at Glasgow University, quoted in a speech the other day the case of a woman who had been fined for buying 22 lbs of sugar, which should have been used for jam-making, but which, she admitted, had been given to her children.

## SO PERISH EVIL EVERYWHERE

Continued from page 1

The soldiers were turned loose upon the population with orders to kill. They went from house to house, driving out the inhabitants, shooting, stabbing with bayonets, bludgeoning with rifles. Innocent and guilty alike were murdered. In some instances there were sham pretences at trial, but as a rule there was no trial at all. Many women and children were slain, many old men too feeble to shoulder a rifle. The poor natives were murdered in batches, they were shot or beaten down as they ran; they were clubbed to death or shot as they sat or lay, too old and feeble to attempt to escape.

Scenes such as have never disgraced the annals of a civilised nation in modern history were carried out for two days in that little oasis-city. The dead lay everywhere in heaps. The soldiers, given a free hand by their officers, had roamed like mad beasts, killing, killing, killing, and the awful evidence of their crimes lay, ghastly and

Famous also, of course, are the islands of which Byron sang. *The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece, Where burning Sappho loved and sung, Where grew the arts of war and peace, Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung!*

*Eternal summer gilds them yet, But all except their sun has set.*

It is not so today, for their glory shines again with the deathless courage of the Greeks.

Among these Greek islands sailed some of the earliest mariners in the world. From Phoenician ports 3000 years before Christ set out trade pioneers. Rome's galleons sailed here ceaselessly from Africa, their decks laden with spices, lions, jewels, elephants, and rare fruits. Paul sailed the Mediterranean, and across its waters sailed the ships in which Crusaders approached the Holy Land. It was the first sea on which Columbus looked. From the Far East came merchandise long centuries ago to the shores of the Mediterranean, there to be shipped to Italy, Spain, and France; and when last century the building of the Suez Canal was finished, the engineering triumph led to a vastly increased traffic between East and West.

History, trade, romance, all are part of the Mediterranean, which Mussolini called his Lake but which a greater power than he will keep free for all the world.

Yet in the same week the brewers used thousands of pounds of sugar for making beer, which is no use as food.

Dr Tucker pointed out that the shortage of eggs was largely due to the quantities of barley and grain which were going to the brewers. Poultry dealers could not get enough food for their birds, or, if they could, the price was prohibitive. Thousands of young birds had to be killed because there was not sufficient food for them.

accusing, on every hand. When this cruel and odious work was finished dead silence reigned among the palms of the little oasis which had been the home of a happy and contented people; the Italians had murdered the whole population.

A thing without parallel in warfare followed.

The war correspondents from Great Britain, from America, from Germany, and other countries, were so horrified, so shocked by the brutality and savagery of it all, that, after making a protest against the murder of innocent Arab children, women, and men, they all, save one, resigned their positions and quitted the country, determined to have no more to do with the actions of a civilised nation guilty of such atrocities. And not only the war correspondents, but all the civilised world has been thrilled with shame and indignation. Italy, the land of Dante and Raphael and Garibaldi, stands disgraced in the eyes of all mankind.

## Little News Reels

THE LCC is inviting tenders from showmen, as it is hoped the usual Bank Holiday fairs will be held this year.

Mary Foley, "Lancashire's oldest mill-girl," kept her 85th birthday working at her loom in Ramsbottom.

*Vic, something between a fox-terrier and a bull-terrier, has saved the life of a lady and her son buried under a bombed house in Birmingham; Vic scratched a hole which allowed them to breathe until rescue came.*

Ten million papers are now being delivered daily throughout the country with an average daily delay of less than two hours over peace time.

Barclays Bank last year made a profit of a million and a half pounds.

SUBSCRIBING £5000 for a Spitfire, the staff of the Bank of England have requested that the plane should be named "The Old Lady."

*David Wileman of New Southgate dug and tunnelled his way through the ruins of a bombed house for 13 hours to save a Scottish terrier, and has received the RSPCA bronze medal.*

Mr Chamberlain, of whom it must for ever be remembered that he gave us time to prepare for the blow that was to fall upon the world, was a great fisherman, and his fishing rods and tackle have been presented to fishing friends in Dovedale and in Scotland.

A woman handed in a cheque for £650 at Fleetwood Orphanage the other day asking that her name should not be made known.

A BRAILLE Dictionary in 24 volumes which had taken a transcriber three years to make was destroyed by bombs in Manchester.

A cargo ship at Liverpool has just been unloaded in nine days; ordinarily it would have taken three weeks.

*Lincoln's Inn's 200-year-old iron railings, now being sent to the foundry, will yield about 60 tons of scrap metal.*

Half-caste families in Queensland are looking forward to starting new lives in a model village the Government is going to build for them at Purga; it will be the first village of its kind in Australia.

## Scout and Guide News Reel

BELFAST Scouts have made a systematic collection of old clothes, which they have sent to the Shipwrecked Sailors Society.

Dublin Sea Scouts make it their job to seek out survivors reaching the city from torpedoed ships, and their friendly help is much appreciated by the men, among whom have been two Swedish officers who were Scouts.

*The George Medal has been awarded to three more Scouts, two Wardens and a Fireman, and also to a Guide who is an AFS driver.*

Dagenham Boy Scouts have collected 146,944 milk-bottle tops for salvage.

Eight miles of binder twine have been used by Hambledon Guides in tying bundles of waste paper weighing 11 tons, and sold for £26.

A Sea Ranger bombed out of her home, having no means of cooking anything for supper, thought of an electric iron, on which she fried an egg.

## THE LOCUST MAN OF RHODESIA

THE Government of our colony of Northern Rhodesia has appointed a Locust Officer to combat its most deadly foe, the voracious red locust.

There are only about 10,000 whites in this rich agricultural country of 290,000 square miles, yet their contribution to the war has been considerable. Their soldiers and airmen are far from home fighting the Italians, and they have given £20,000 to the Speed-the-Planes fund.

The officer who has been given this new post is Mr A. P. G. Michelmore, released from the fighting forces to deal with an insect which can do millions of pounds' worth of damage to

crops and the grass and herbage on which livestock feed.

For many years Mr Michelmore has lived in the wilds, alone with his wife, studying the habits of this insect, and his knowledge and experience will be especially valuable now, for an international organisation planning to control the locust plague was dispersed when the war broke out.

How terrible a locust invasion can be is shown by a record made many years ago in Pretoria, when a cloud of locusts measured 25 miles long, one and a half miles broad, and half a mile deep. They eat up every green thing, even stripping trees of their bark.

## The Kindly Heart of Portugal

THE Government of Portugal has given its blessing to a scheme to help the child victims of the war, whatever their nationality.

The credit for this warm-hearted plan goes to a Lisbon newspaper, *Diario de Noticias*, which first proposed that Portugal should become a place of refuge for as many children as possible from the war zones of Europe. The doctors, clergy, social workers, and ordinary householders of Portugal have

welcomed the idea with enthusiasm, and now that the Government has lent its support there is a great hope that difficulties of transport and feeding will be overcome.

There will be, for example, the question of the British blockade, and the fact that the whole of the coast from Norway to Northern Spain is in Nazi hands, but we are sure our Navy would help rather than hinder so humane a scheme as this.

## History Speaks

Again and again it is as if we heard the voice of the Past in the Present.

The Prime Minister is to receive or has received from America a cannon-ball fired from a British cannon at the wall of a church in New Jersey when the British were fighting under Sir Henry Clinton in 1778, and the Americans were led by George Washington. The cannon-ball is sent to Mr Churchill by Mr Hamilton Cochrane, who writes that he feels it should be returned to its original owners to add one more shot in the heroic fight of Britain for freedom and democracy.

Another voice of the Past is that from Pitcairn Island, where the descendants of the Bounty mutineers have offered to take British child refugees.

## SPURN HEAD HERO

Coxswain Robert Cross, a popular Sunday-school Superintendent at Spurn Head, vowed after his brother and two nephews had been drowned that he would give up his life to rescuing wrecked sailors. He is now the first lifeboatman to win the George Medal, and has also won the first lifeboat gold medal during the war. Mr Cross has also won three silver medals and a bronze one.

## THINGS SEEN

"People crawling on all fours up the steep frozen street to Charlotte Brontë's home.

Notice on a shop:

Closed after 54 years.

A child on a tray tobogganing down a London railway embankment.

A blackbird performing its bath ritual on a frozen pond in Kent.

## THE HOUND IN THE BUSH

A member of the police force in New South Wales set out to show the canine world how to earn an extra bone not long ago.

He was Disraeli, a bloodhound which saved a woodman's life. The man had been working in the dense bush near Katoomba, and when night came and he did not come home his anxious family sent for the police, who arrived with the hound.

The hound was given one of the man's shirts to sniff, and set out for the bush. Although the scent was 24 hours old and there had been two heavy thunderstorms, Disraeli wasted no time. He kept going, for three miles, crossing deep ravines and climbing two mountains; and at last he came to a halt on the edge of the precipice, looking at the policemen as if to say, "Now I've done my part." At the bottom of the cliff, answering their calls with a feeble cry, lay the woodman, severely injured after a fall.

## The Signallers

Hundreds of determined feet stopped an electric train at Flemington, near Melbourne, the other day.

They belonged to ants, and they entered delightedly through two holes in the steel casing surrounding the track relay mechanism. So sensitive was this mechanism that when the mischievous ants played about between the relay contacts they made the automatic signal show the danger sign! Not until the intruders were routed could the signal be moved.

Visitors to Australia are always amazed at the millions of ants of all sizes that inhabit the land. They are everywhere, coming into the houses if food is left uncovered. In Queensland they are such pests that houses are built on ant-proof piles. The most dreaded ant of all is the borer ant, which attacks the furniture.

## THE DRAGON OF THE POND

With spring coming we shall soon witness the marvellous yearly resurrection that brings back to life and activity the myriads of toads, frogs, and newts which have lain dormant since the first chills of winter sealed the autumn.

The muddy beds of ponds and ditches serve for the frogs' winter trance, but, failing such a retreat, they fare equally well dug into soil excavated by their own strong limbs.

People who have fishponds should now be on their guard against newts, for these little creatures eat the eggs of fish as well as the young fry hatched from the spawn. Newts are a pest in fish-hatcheries. Nature has denied them high intelligence but given them marvellous powers of endurance. They can reproduce lost limbs, and in a year can grow a new eye to replace a lost one. The one thing they cannot lose is their appetite for the eggs and young of fish.

## DISCOVERY OF A NEW MAGNET

From the Bell Telephone laboratories comes a new magnetic alloy more powerful than any yet known. An ingot of it a quarter of an inch in diameter can be drawn into a tape one-twentieth of an inch wide, or a wire one-fiftieth of an inch thick. A tiny loop of this wire will lift and hold a weight of several pounds. There will be uses for these new magnets in dictaphones and telephones.

The new alloy is composed of Vanadium, Iron, and Cobalt, and the three initial letters of these metals give the name of Vicalloy to the material.

## THE NO-PROFIT WAR

Many Canadian firms are handing back their profits to the Government; a firm which has manufactured munitions has sent a cheque for £9000; and another which has been making battle-dresses for soldiers has returned not only its profits but its management fees.

## DEMAND FOR LAND

One of our biggest estate agents, dealing largely in landed properties, says that its transactions in 1940 amounted to a value of well over £2,000,000. Some 50,000 acres of farm-land were sold by this firm.

The firm points out that many people are now thinking that there is no better or safer investment than land. Certain it is that in future the nation will set more value on its acres than in the past.

## Less Golf and More Food

It was a non-golfer who ironically declared before the war that golf had become our chief land industry.

That was a trifle exaggerated, but it is certain that a considerable amount of good land has been given up to a game which necessarily calls for large areas. Now the edict has gone forth that many more golf links and other sports grounds must be ploughed up to help our food production.

The Minister of Agriculture can direct the use for agriculture not only of golf-courses but of race-courses and any recreation ground whatsoever, if recommended by County War Agricultural Executive Committees. We should be doing less than

## The Old Witch Doctor Turns Over a New Leaf

*A missionary friend in Bengal sends us this news showing that the seed sown in Galilee still goes on bearing fruit while armies reel and empires meet their doom.*

HAVE you heard of the Santals? Possibly not. They are an aboriginal people whose history is lost in the dim past, but who are proud of themselves and their memories.

Nomads by nature, many of them have moved into our part of Bengal, which is the Murshidabad District, some 100 miles north of Calcutta. Their religion is what we call Animistic, with spirits of field and village, but with increasing momentum they are turning to Christianity.

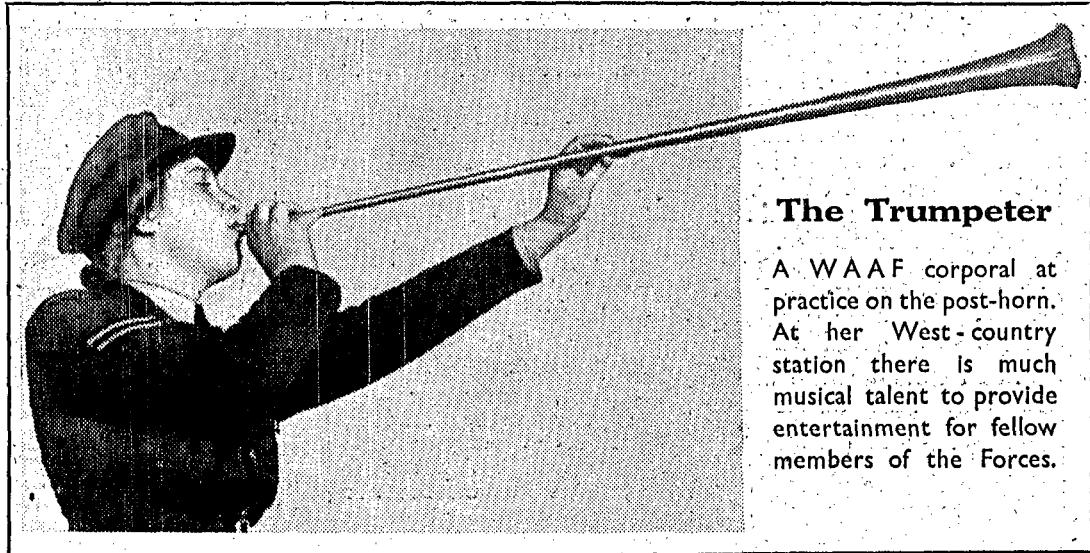
The Santals of Murshidabad are rejoicing at present because one of their number has been elected as Chairman of the Union Board, which is the local government authority for the whole district. It is a great thing, for he is the first Santal to hold the office. He is a Christian too, and his story is romantic.

Years ago he was a witch doctor, a heavy drinker, callous, versed in his black art and feared by his people. One day he found a Bengali Christian lad praying aloud and singing a hymn, and he made him tell him about this unknown religion. Lututudu (that is his name) says that almost immediately in

his heart he felt that this was the true religion, but at first he scoffed and rejected it. And then one day he renounced his old ways, his magic, his drinking, and became a Christian.

Then the heaven began to work again. The first result was that a Bengali Hindu was struck by the change in his life, even in his features, and he also chose the new way. So the fire spread, until now, in his village of Itore, there is a healthy Santali and Bengali Christian community, and the most respected man among all races and religions there is Lututudu.

They say there is famine in Europe in these days. Well, Itore, has its famine, too. The rains failed, most of the fields are fallow, and in the occasional patch of rice there is no sign of a crop. So Lututudu is again taking the lead, giving his people new heart, finding ways of providing alternative crops, and giving his grey head and his horny hands to the service he loves. The Santali word for themselves means "man," everyone else being regarded as just a sort of animal! It comes (like their bows and arrows, their songs and their prevailing cheerfulness) from the remote past; but Lututudu is proving himself indeed a man in the time of his people's need, and the sort of man who sees all others as his brothers.



**The Trumpeter**

A WAAF corporal at practice on the post-horn. At her West-country station there is much musical talent to provide entertainment for fellow members of the Forces.

## FISH AS A LUXURY

We agree with the Brixham Fish Control Committee which has urged the Food Ministry to fix the price for the marketing of fish, "as the prevailing prices are beyond the means of working people."

Fish, indeed, has become a luxury; even coarse fish, of kinds unsaleable in normal times, fetch high prices. At Brixham the other day soles and plaice were priced 3s 9d each. Lobsters fetched 3s 6d per lb; 100 rays fetched £42. Whittings have soared from 4d to £1 a stone.

our duty if we failed to direct attention to the urgency of the food problem. Napoleon said that an army marches on its stomach; now we are all one army, and if food fails we all fail.

The oversea trade returns for December give this vital fact:

In the single month of December we imported £17,800,000 worth less food than in December 1939; but, of course, food is much dearer now, so that the loss in quantity was greater than the fall expressed in money.

It is a great responsibility that rests upon the Food Ministry, and above all upon the Ministry of Shipping; and we must obey their orders and avoid food waste in every particular.

## Seeing Into the Heart of the Aeroplane

It was revealed at a meeting of engineers the other day that radium is taking the place of X-rays in photographing faults in metal castings of aeroplane parts.

An immense amount of testing is being done today of castings, welds, and finished parts by taking X-ray pictures through them. As an example of this wholesale testing, 159,000 photographs were taken of steel welds in making the famous Boulder Dam in America.

But X-rays cannot penetrate more than two or three inches of steel, and, owing to the remarkable powers of penetration of the gamma rays of radium, a small amount of radium in a heavy metal bomb with a small opening is being used as the source of "light" in dealing with heavy castings, being placed inside the object with the photographic films outside. In this way flaws can be detected speedily and cheaply.

## DEAR OLD LADY

*This was seen the other day.*

An old woman slowly climbing up the steps of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, handing over 25 pound notes for the R.A.F., and disappearing into the crowded street, leaving no name.

## 1000 BAD FARMS

We reported last week that fifty Yorkshire farmers had had their farms taken away for bad farming.

Perhaps it is not generally known that the County War Agricultural Committees have this power to deprive inefficient farmers of their holdings and to let the farms to better men. A neglectful farmer is usually given a second chance, but, since war began 968 farmers have been thus turned out.

District committees, composed of local farmers, report cases of bad neglect, and if reproof of the bad farmer fails the committee, with the approval of the Ministry of Agriculture, terminates the holding.

## The Invisible Man

AMERICA still seeks the invisible man who left his flint arrow-heads to mark his footsteps in the Great Plains 15,000 years ago, but left never a bone of himself.

His small flint arrow-heads, of a peculiar shape, are scattered plentifully about Folsom in the west, and from this place Dr A. H. Roberts has followed the trek of the Folsom men from the Rockies, eastward across the Plains. They probably came from Asia, though Dr Roberts confesses that this is only surmise, and they were certainly

## THESE CANNOT BE DEFEATED

A C.N. friend in Hampshire sends us a note on the spirit of the people of Portsmouth, which has been so wonderful.

He knows a girl who had a library which was badly damaged some months ago; in less than a week she started again, and then came the last big raid, in which everything she had, her books, records, and the building itself, was completely destroyed. This was on Friday night, and by noon on Monday she had found new accommodation and was building up her work again.

A solicitor had his office demolished and lost everything but his good name, but on Monday he also had arranged new accommodation and was at work—70 years old, but unbeaten.

## HE DOES WHAT HE CAN

We hear of a theological student somewhere in the south of England who had been previously a lay-reader, a monk, and an engineering draughtsman. Soon after he became a student war broke out and he became a war reserve constable in London. In the summer he was a farm labourer, and at Christmas a post-office worker. Now in any time he can get off from his theological studies he helps the A.F.S.

## DIGGING FOR SMOKE

You cannot do anything you like, even in a free country. It was noticed that certain allotment holders in Scotland were exceedingly keen in cultivation and assiduous in adding plot to plot. Then the secret came out that they were growing tobacco, a thing it is illegal to do without a licence. So the men, one an Irishman, one a Scot, and eight Lithuanians, were fined forty shillings each. Let us hope they will now set to work and dig for Victory instead of Smoke!

## THEY HAVE SOME BANANAS

Now that we have no bananas it makes our mouths water to hear of a ship being launched by using tons of them on the slipway instead of the usual grease; the ship was the Cape Lookout, launched at Beaumont in Texas.

## ALL IN A MINUTE

At Sandusky, on the shores of Lake Erie, is a good example of the way Canada is speeding up her war effort. A new carrier crane has been installed which picks up a 15-ton coal wagon, carries it from the railway siding to the wharf, dumps the coal into the hold of the collier moored to the wharf, and returns the wagon to the siding—all in one minute. There are four of these electrical dumpers.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## LONDON PRIDE Say It With Flowers

SOMETIMES when we come now to our beloved old City, the most loved city in all the world, our hearts are near to breaking. It is not only at the wreckage of some precious relic of the past which memory holds dear, not only at the imminent peril of some dreaming spire like that of St Bride's in Fleet Street, on which our eyes have rested daily for so long; but even more at the shattered remnants of what once were homes.

The fury of the destroyer fell heaviest on poor little streets where children used to play at skipping rope or hop-scotch when school was over. The drab houses are gone now, all gone, and a desert left in their place. Nothing there but vast craters, with here and there a fire lit by the workmen among the rubble which is all that is left of the cherished households of the humble. They look at us with reproach, these desolate places, asking mutely how long it must be before we set about building on them a new Jerusalem.

But need we wait for that expected day? To leave such scars untended will not do. They are honourable scars, a witness to the fortitude of the citizens who have endured them. Let us clothe them with flowers. Let us plant them with the seeds of hope.

It is so simple, this idea, but could one think of a sweeter way? The wild flowers themselves open the door for us: If all London were to disappear tomorrow there is one flower which would hasten to populate the unoccupied territory the day after. It is the pink willow-herb, which took possession for

years of the empty acres where Bush House now stands.

Many other pretty weeds of the countryside would come trooping in, red valerian and kecks and dandelion, but we need not wait for these volunteers. Let us begin by planting the little yellow-brown flower which clings to every crevice. Its name is London Pride, and well it fits our London now.

Then we can go on, step by step, in rising beauty, bringing the country into town with as many of the wild flowers that so many London children far from home are now learning to call by name. There will be camomile, and pimpernel, and feverfew, and codlins and cream, and Fair Maids of Kent. Then, rising to higher levels as we go on, and giving some of these shy visitors some help of soil and care, we may arrive at buttercups and daisies, at gillyflowers and heartsease, and presently scarlet poppies.

The vision grows as we think of it. Every Londoner loves his garden, even if it is only a window box. These gardens, planted on every waste where now only ruin awaits the brighter day, should be the Londoner's Pride. He may not have time to plant Rosemary, but while they last these flowers will be here for his Remembrance.

### The Quiet Throned Within the Storm

O Thou, the quiet throned within the storm,  
In hell our heaven as in night our day,  
All form above, yet dear in human form,  
Give us that peace no wars can take away. G. Rostreyor Hamilton

## Under the Editor's Table

FIRE's butter supply has been cut in half. Discontent will spread.

SAUSAGES should be well cooked. Otherwise those who eat them will think they have had a raw deal.

MANY laundry girls are working hard in war factories. Still pegging away.

A CERTAIN MP is said to be as deliberate as the flowing tide. He came in at the last election.

THE Italian is an easy-going fellow, says one of them. Usually gone before we arrive.

CHILDREN should help in clearing after meals. But not by clearing off.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If we shall have shorter nights before long

WOMEN seem younger in wartime. Landladies become land girls.

PIGS enjoy every kind of household scrap. Fighting stock.

GARDENING is a healthy occupation. You would think it would make one seedy.

LEATHER furniture needs feeding. In fact, stuffing.

SOLDIERS find difficulty in getting from one side of London to the other. Makes them cross.

## A Son Come Home Again

WE all know that Lord Halifax received a great welcome from Mr Roosevelt, but we think even the President would not be able to thrill our representative Englishman as another man once did.

It was when Lord Halifax returned to Yorkshire after being Viceroy of India. From all the colour and splendour of the East he came back to the dainty loveliness of England in springtime. Having travelled by train to Doncaster, he drove by car to his father's home at Hickleton, seeing again after long absence the old familiar scenes in the golden haze of a May sunset, rejoicing in the abundance of apple-blossom, and the fresh green of trees shading the lane to the hall. Birds were singing as if to greet him, and at the gate the car was stopped by young men, who fastened ropes to it and pulled it up the drive to the door of his home.

At the door stood a white-haired man of 90, who, as the car approached, straightened his back, smiled, and in a clear, ringing voice said: "I think with God's help my son has been able to do good work for India and for his King and Country."

### Tripped At Any Rate

A CARTOONIST has shown Mussolini excusing his failures by saying he has just tripped over a molehill. Peter Puck wants to know if it would not be more correct to say he has tripped over a Churchill.

### The Illiterate Films

FILM English has never been anything to be proud of, but it seems a pity that the films should flaunt their illiteracy across the most famous streets in London.

Staring across Leicester Square in huge letters for weeks there has been a ridiculous use of the apostrophe, which so many film writers have no idea how to use. In praising the virtues of a film which was showing, the Empire Kinema declared that it was as great as *it's* four stars—as muddled a scrawl as we can think of.

### LATE NEWS

We have received this very late Christmas news.

ONE of our destroyers came into port on Christmas Eve, and an admiral's wife received a message from the ship's commander saying that most of his men would be ashore next day, but those who remained on board would like to have some little guests. Could she find the poorest children in the town and bring them to the ship?

The admiral's wife gathered 37 children from very poor homes, and much to their delight they were taken to the destroyer and entertained in fine style by the good-hearted seamen.

### JUST AN IDEA

It is worth while nowadays to think a little about ourselves. Who has not been stirred deeply at times by something within him nobler than he knew?

# The Golden Deed of John Oxenham

We remember walking with John Oxenham on the ruined battlefields of the Great War. The fight was still raging, but standing on that broken earth of France, a colonel laughed loudly at the thought that anybody on earth could defeat a bomb. A bomb fell a few feet away in Ypres but did not explode. Had it done so there would have been no C.N., and the long run of John Oxenham's little books of poems would have been greatly shortened.

John Oxenham's busy and powerful life has ended on this earth. Busy he was, for he wrote 40 novels as well as hundreds or thousands of poems; powerful he was, for his words moved the hearts of a mighty multitude. Now a friend tells of another visit the poet made to the battlefields, a visit which we did not know before; and it seems to us one of the loveliest stories in the world, like that of the little French countess who took down the last words of dying soldiers and carried them personally into their homes all over the world. This is the story as our friend (a famous schoolmaster) tells

As soon as the burial grounds in Flanders were completed crowds went over to see, where their dear ones lay. I remember one little lad, who had never seen his father, planting a rose tree on the grave where he lay.

You might have noticed there an old gentleman with keen, cheerful eyes, short in stature but with light springy step, who with his daughter carried cameras and spent whole days together in first one and then another of these great God's acres, photographing tombstone after tombstone, hundreds of photographs every day. They were John Oxenham and his youngest daughter, the faithful companion of his old age, whose name he wished to be associated with his own in his last book.

These two set themselves the colossal task of photographing the tomb of every Anzac soldier.

### For the Folk Overseas

Then they had the prints developed and sent a photograph of each grave to the nearest of kin. Surely it was one of the kindest thoughts, and loads of letters showed how much it was appreciated by the folk overseas. What it cost in toil and time and trouble to carry through is beyond one's power to calculate; and harder still to calculate is the unseen influence of such an act, which must have helped to bind together Australia and New Zealand to the Homeland. Far more personal and potent was such a deed than any showy speeches or trade agreements.

No one who was merely what Dickens called a literary gent would have conceived such an idea, or been prepared to do the clerical work needed to carry it out. But John Oxenham, though he had written scores of popular novels and little books of verse which sold by the hundred thousand, was not just a literary man.

### The Idler and the Worker

He had graduated, so to speak, in business, and had all the exactness and systematic promptitude of the business man. It was as a business man that he became manager of a famous magazine of the nineties, *The Idler*. Obviously the Idlers would have sense enough not to employ an idler as their manager!

The office was in or off Fleet Street, but Oxenham was a man for the open air, the woodlands and the hills, and so he lived outside London; some consider-

able distance out. The day journeys to and fro were a to be boring, especially when the fogs came, and to wile away the time John Oxenham started writing a story himself. He was dealing so constantly with stories that he thought he would try one on his own, and he made a discovery. The story came naturally that it seemed to write itself, so he put it together and submitted it to a publisher. The publisher, finding it sold well, asked for another, and so year by year one story followed another. In the end there were more than 40, and never were stories cleaner, fresher, more adventurous, with manlier men or more womanly women.

They were stories which told the reader all over the world. When war broke out in 1914 the stories were laid aside and instead, he gave us year by year a series of little books of verse: *All's Well*, *The King's Highway*, *The Vision Splendid*, *The Field Cross*, *High Altars*, *Heavenly Courageous*. The very titles show what the war meant to him.

### Crusaders All

To him our boys who had gone to the front from a simple home sense of duty, hating the ghastly business, but doing it the same because it was redeeming the world from the great sin of war, were veritable crusaders. You are all Christs in this your sacrifice, surrender, True sons of God in seeking your own. Yours now the hardships, yours shall be the splendour Of the great triumph and the King's "Well Done."

His prayer was that, as such was the spirit of the struggle, such might be also the spirit of the settlement after the war.

"Only through Me!" The clear high call comes pealing, Above the thunders of the battle plain;  
Only through Me can Life's wounds find healing;  
Only through Me shall earth have peace again.  
Only through Me can come the great awakening;  
Wrong cannot right the wrongs that Wrong hath done;  
Only through Me, all other gods forsaking,  
Can ye attain the heights that may be won."

When last I saw him he was sitting out in the garden on the Sussex Downs. He was over eighty, and his bodily strength was spent. His garden was



## Busy Fingers

A charming scene in a Berkshire village, with cottagers busily engaged in knitting winter comforts for Civil Defence workers

Continued from the previous column  
ed in trees, and wild birds  
feeding from his hand.  
s thoughts were full of love.  
alk was of the victims whom  
r's insensate fury had driven  
of Austria and Germany. I  
just visited some of these  
ees in a railway carriage  
a he had converted for them  
a snug little home.  
en the news came of his  
his friends would think of  
garden, and they would turn  
s poem, where he speaks of  
assing:

u love me, let there be  
mourning when I go,  
arful eyes,  
opeless sighs,

No woe, nor even sadness!  
Indeed I would not have you sad,  
For I myself shall be full glad,  
With the high triumphant gladness  
Of a soul made free  
Of God's sweet liberty:

Rather, of your sweet courtesy;  
Rejoice with me  
At my soul's loosing from captivity.  
Wish me Bon voyage!  
As you do a friend  
Whose joyous visit finds its happy  
end.

And bid me both "à Dieu"  
And au revoir!  
Since, though I come no more,  
I shall be waiting there to greet you,  
At His Door.

Adieu, John Oxenham, good  
friend, good poet, good English-  
man. Wait for us at His Door.

## The Spirit of the Temple Is Not Dead

ER will be delighted to  
have wrought such pitiful  
e in the Temple, home of  
Law for centuries, for law-  
ness has always been the  
trait in his character.  
t he will not be so glad to  
of the way in which the  
of the law are reacting to  
blows of his bombers. The  
ble has been hit as badly as  
part of London; even the  
ortal garden where the red  
white roses bloomed which  
the signal for the Wars  
the Roses has been ruined.  
the barristers are living up  
e C.N motto: Stay Put and  
It.

ny sets of chambers have  
bombed out; briefs have  
burned, papers destroyed,  
ture charred, deed-boxes  
safes shrivelled up. Much  
rtant work has been inter-  
d badly. But it is only  
rupted, for, with the admir-

able comradeship which the rest  
of the world is coming to know  
as typical of London and all  
Britain, the barristers whose  
chambers have escaped are put-  
ting them and all their resources,  
often without charge, at the  
disposal of their more unfor-  
tunate brothers. Famous lawyers  
and judges are extending the  
hospitality of their rooms and  
splendid law libraries to all.

What this means to men who  
are having a hard enough fight  
to keep the remnants of their  
practices, even without the loss  
of all that the bombers have  
destroyed, may well be imagined.

Despite the destruction in the  
Temple, where most of the  
Common Law counsel have their  
chambers, there have been very  
few removals. As one lawyer  
remarked, "We were here before  
Hitler was kicked into the world,  
and we'll be here when he is  
kicked out of it."

## The Savage Chief and His Liberty

I HEARD in my youth a naked  
savage, in the indignant  
character of a prince surrounded  
by his subjects, addressing the  
governor of a British colony,  
holding a bundle of sticks in his  
hand as the notes of his un-  
lettered eloquence.

"Who is it (said the jealous  
ruler over the desert, encroached  
upon by the restless foot of  
English adventure), who is it that  
causes this river to rise in the  
high mountains and to empty  
itself into the ocean? Who is it  
that causes to blow the loud  
winds of winter and calms them  
again in summer? Who is it  
that rears up the shade of those  
lofty forests and blasts them  
with the quick lightning at His  
pleasure? The same Being who  
gave to you a country on the  
other side of the waters gave  
ours to us. And by this title we  
will defend it," said the warrior,  
throwing down his tomahawk  
upon the ground, and raising  
the war-sound of his nation.

Baron Erskine

## To Doubt Would Be Disloyalty

On, it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take His part  
Upon this battlefield of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need Him most.

It is not so, but so it looks;  
And we lose courage then;  
And doubts will come if God hath  
kept  
His promises to men.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when He  
Is most invisible.

For right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

Frederick William Faber

## THE KINGDOM

THE kingdom of heaven is  
like unto leaven, which a  
woman took and hid in three  
measures of meal till the whole  
was leavened. It is like a mer-  
chantman seeking goodly pearls,  
who, when he had found one  
pearl of great price, went and sold  
all that he had and bought it.

Jesus

## The Brave, the Mighty, and the Wise

I THOUGHT of thee, my partner and  
my guide,  
As being past away. Vain sym-  
pathies!  
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast  
my eyes,  
I see what was, and is, and will  
abide;  
Still glides the stream, and shall for  
ever glide;  
The Form remains, the Function  
never dies;  
While we, the brave, the mighty,  
and the wise,  
We Men, who in our morn of youth  
defied  
The elements, must vanish: be it so!  
Enough, if something from our  
hands have power  
To live, and act, and serve the  
future hour;  
And if, as toward the silent tomb  
we go,  
Through love, through hope, and  
faith's transcendent dower,  
We feel that we are greater than we  
know.

Wordsworth



# CARRY ON

## WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FUTURE WILL BE?

THE small life, coiled within the  
seed,  
A promise hid away,  
But dimly heralds what shall be  
When comes the perfect day;  
But sun and rain and frost and heat  
Enrich the fertile fields,  
And the small life of earlier years  
A waving harvest yields.

The corn that slumbers in the hill,  
A disk of golden grain,  
Stands up at last a rustling host  
And covers all the plain.  
Who knows to what the infant germ  
In coming seasons leads,  
Or how the golden grain expands,  
And mighty armies feeds?

The acorn in its little cup,  
High on the breezy hill,  
Waits for the fulness of the times,  
Its mission to fulfil,  
And year by year grows grand and  
strong.  
What shall the future be?

A noble forest on the land,  
Or navy on the sea?

The bright-eyed boys who crowd our  
schools,  
The Knights of book and pen,  
Weary of childish games and moods,  
Will soon be stalwart men;  
The leaders in the race of life,  
The men to win applause;  
The great minds born to rule the  
State,  
The wise, to make the laws.

Teach them to guard with jealous  
care  
The land that gave them birth,  
As patriot sons of patriot sires,  
The dearest spot of earth.  
Teach them the sacred trust to  
keep,  
Like true men, pure and brave;  
And o'er them through the ages  
bid  
Freedom's fair banner wave.

Samuel Francis Smith

## The Crown and the Cross

THERE is a suffering which puri-  
fies, raises, and strengthens,  
and in which one can see the  
Crown as well as the Cross, but  
where there is no Crown visible  
it is terrible even to see suffering  
and must be intolerable to  
undergo it.

My own belief is that if we  
could know all we should under-  
stand everything, but there is  
much in the world that cannot be  
explained without knowing what  
came before life and what is to  
come after it, and of that we  
know nothing; for faith is not  
knowledge. All that we can do is

to take refuge in reverence and  
submission.

The abyss is unfathomable to  
those who stand upon the brink,  
and I fear each of us who has to  
descend into it must find for  
himself or herself on what ledges  
a foot can be placed: and the  
path by which one can find his  
way is not always that which is  
practicable for another. I have  
been through that which would  
make it very easy for me to die,  
but that path is no use for any-  
one who has to die and wants to  
live.

Lord Grey of Falloden  
to Lady Asquith

## Whence and Whither, Little River?

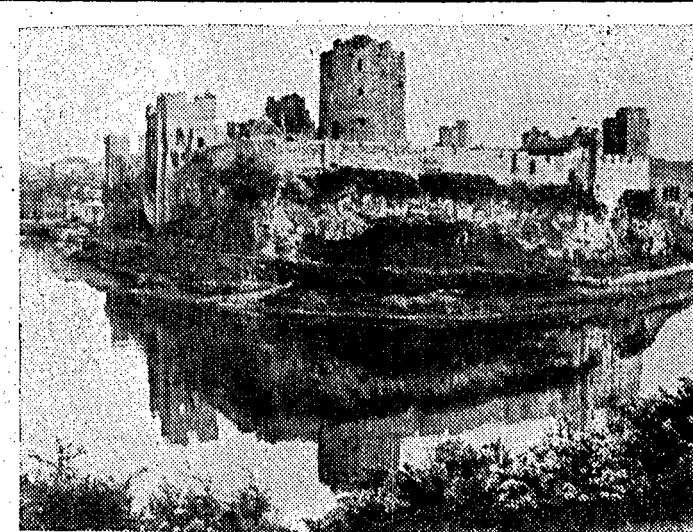
BROOK, from what mountain dost  
thou come?  
O, my brooklet, cool and sweet!  
I come from yon mountain high and  
cold,  
Where lieth the new snow on the  
old,  
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go?  
O, my brooklet, cool and sweet!  
I go to the river there below,  
Where in bunches the violets grow,  
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go?  
O, my brooklet, cool and sweet!  
I go to the garden in the vale,  
Where all night long the nightingale  
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?  
O, my brooklet, cool and sweet!  
I go to the fountain at whose brink  
The maid that loves thee comes to  
drink,  
And whenever she looks therein  
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,  
And my joy is then complete.

Longfellow



Pembroke Castle in Wales was built in the eleventh century. Here, it is said, Henry the Seventh was born in 1456; and two centuries later, in 1648, the castle was besieged and overcome by the forces of Cromwell.





# KNOWING THE WORLD IN THE DARK

## A Mysterious Thing That Is Happening

IN the dark silence of the Blackout many sounds passing unnoticed in the daytime seize the opportunity to assert themselves.

Footfalls on the pavement can be followed almost the length of the street. It was before there were Blackouts, but now such sounds are intensified and our ears are sharpened to note them in the hush between the disquieting flashes of the guns.

It must be that our listening power is growing, because the multiplication of night sounds appears also in the country, where there is no barrage to speak of, and where at night the most disturbing sound is the menacing roar of German planes bent on destruction elsewhere.

### A New Sense of Hearing

Such is the writer's experience in the countryside, well away from London or other towns picked out for Nazi fury. It seems that in these quiet places a new sense of hearing is being developed. It should be so, because it is a sense born of necessity, and of the instinct of self-preservation.

The blind have this sense. At one Home for the Blind in South London the boys run from door to door, taking rights of steps without pausing,

and we have seen a blind wood-chopper in a cellar chopping faggots without a pause or a mistake. At St Dunstan's blind soldiers learned to do wonderful things in making their unhindered way about. They must have been guided by the exercise of another growing sense; and that of hearing is one that develops to a high degree.

Engine-drivers and firemen, by long acquaintance with the route they travel, know where they are, even in foggy weather; they know the sounds that mark different stages of the journey, the double echo in a cutting, the less clamorous sound in open country, the blanketing of it by a stretch of trees.

The countryman walking along a road on a cloudy night as black as pitch, with not a light to guide him, must use his ears. He may tell something by the click of his stick on the road or the footpath, but this only helps when the way is very familiar, and his dimmed torch does no more than preserve him from blundering into the hedge or the ditch.

But he can hear many things. He knows that he is walking between trees even when the night is still. The cheep of a disturbed bird tells him a good deal; and so most certainly

does the bark of the farmer's dog. He has developed a new faculty of hearing almost like that of a cat, which cannot see in the dark but can know better than any human being where a whisper of sound, the stirring of a mouse, comes from.

It is not unlikely that in this sharpening of hearing we may learn to recognise sounds which are not usually heard. There are low-pitched sounds which are below our threshold of hearing, though they disturb the owls in the middle of the night; and others like the high-pitched squeak of the bat, heard by nearly all animals but beyond the reach of some of us. Both these may become audible to our improving sense of hearing nowadays.

### The Direction of Sound

So also with the human ability to recognise the direction from which sounds come. This is a difficult business because our judgment depends on the exceedingly small interval of time, less than the 30,000th of a second, between which a sound reaches first one ear and then the other. In our new conditions of darkness this also may improve.

We should note another guide the countryman has to locality, his sense of smell. This is the most reliable of all the senses, less likely to be misled than sight or sound, and endowed with a lifelong memory. This gifted sense tells the wayfarer when he is passing near the wet woods, the ploughed fields, the cabbage patch, the cottage, or the farm. It maps his route for him as nothing else can do in the dark. It was the first sense acquired by animals in the childhood of the world, and is the most enduring.

# Old Mr Lobster Has a New Coat

THE Prime Minister, we have just been reading, is fascinated by the ways of the lobster with its hard protective coat.

In the year or two before the war began, when Mr Churchill was pleading in vain that we should make ourselves strong against the evil powers that were being built up to overthrow us, he was speaking to a famous Frenchman about our unpreparedness. He asked the Frenchman if he had studied the lobster, and when the Frenchman confessed that he had not Mr Churchill urged him to do so.

At certain times, said he, the lobster loses his protective shell. At this moment of moulting even the bravest crustacean retires into a crevice in the rock, and there waits patiently until a new carapace has time to form. As soon as this new armour has grown strong he sallies forth out of the crevice and becomes once more a fighter, lord of the seas. England, said Mr Churchill, had lost its carapace, and she must wait until the new one had had time to grow strong.

### Growing Pains

It is interesting to look into this story of the lobster and its coat. Our own growth is gradual, and our bones grow as we grow, but lobsters and crabs grow by fits and starts, and their bony parts do not keep pace with their growth. Their hard parts are like a suit of armour. They are so rigid that the lobster is unable to grow inside them, and the only thing for him to do is to shed his coat and get a new one.

This is why we often find on the beach what appears to be a dead lobster. It is not that, but the coat a lobster has thrown off.

A gentleman had a crayfish, or fresh-water lobster, in his aquarium, and one day he was amazed to find what appeared to be two crayfishes, one of which seemed very frightened. As a matter of fact, the frightened creature was his pet, which had just thrown off its suit of armour, and the second was merely the discarded coat lying on the aquarium floor.

All these creatures, lobsters, crabs, and crayfish, when they

are going to shed their coats retire to some quiet spot so as to be out of the way of enemies. The creature lies on its back and the lower part of the body becomes agitated. Then the whole body moves as if it were in a fit. After a time the creature takes a short rest and lies quiet; then it goes into convulsions again, until suddenly it gives a jerk and pulls itself out of that part of its carapace which covers the head. Another convulsion throws this off altogether. As soon as the coat is completely cast away a strange thing happens. All the rents in it close up, and it becomes an apparently perfect shell, looking like a complete lobster.

### The Lost Limb

The lobster now is very tender and often appears ill; sometimes, indeed, the operation results in death. But if he can keep quiet and away from his enemies his new coat will generally harden in a few days. It is at first elastic, and the lobster finds himself able to grow. He makes full use of his opportunity, and adds considerably to his size before the new coat hardens.

This changing of the armour occurs three or four times during the lobster's lifetime. At times, in changing his suit, the lobster may sometimes leave an arm or a leg in his old clothes. These limbs are not attached to his body so securely as they might be, for if we catch hold of a lobster by his claw he is sometimes so alarmed that he leaves his claw in our hands.

Does the lobster, after such an experience, remain a cripple for life? Not a bit of it. The next time he casts his coat a new limb begins to grow, as a bud grows into a branch on a tree. It remains small at the first change of clothes, but after two or three changes is as big as if the original claw had never been lost. If we look at the lobsters on a fishmonger's slab we may notice that some of them have claws that do not seem to match, and the smaller one is a new claw which has not had time to grow to full size.

# 200 Years of Kamchatka's Port

THE inhabitants of the Kamchatka Peninsula in the Far East of Siberia have been celebrating the second centenary of the foundation of their town of Petropavlovsk.

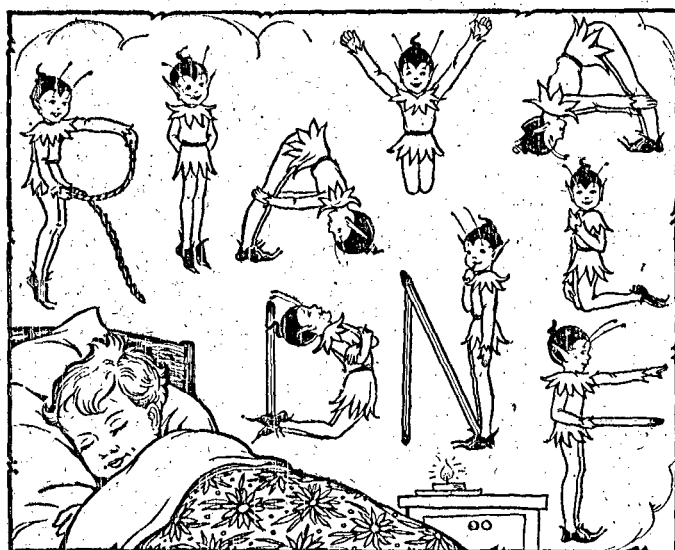
Now an important port and the administrative centre of the Kamchatka region in the Khabarovsk Territory, it was founded 200 years ago by the Danish navigator Vitus Bering.

About 7500 miles from Moscow, it has been greatly developed in recent years, particularly since the opening up of the Northern Sea Route. Although the turnover of its port is steadily increasing, shipping does not solely account for the growth of the town. Among its industries are a can factory supplying containers for the canning industry of Kamchatka, a power station, cold-storage plant, and fish-curing enterprises. It is also an important fur-trading centre.

Petropavlovsk-on-Kamchatka was founded by Bering while he was in command of a Russian expedition to explore the strait between Asia and America that bears his name. In the autumn of 1740 the expedition was sailing along the eastern coast of the Kamchatka Peninsula.

Looking for a place in which to winter, Bering selected Avacha Bay. The practised eye of the navigator was immediately attracted by the splendid shelter offered by this bay, protected from storms by a chain of peaks nearly 10,000 feet high. Bering believed that a more excellent shelter for ships plying the northern part of the Pacific Ocean could hardly be found anywhere in that region. A small settlement was founded by the expedition on one of the northern arms of the bay, being named Petropavlovsk Port, after the two ships of the expedition—the St Peter and St Paul.

# BEDTIME CORNER



Bobbie, who is just learning his A B C, dreamed one day that the pixies were letters. Though the letters were all higgledy-piggledy, as here, they gradually sorted themselves until they formed a word. The word was the name of something in Bobbie's dream. Do you know the name?

YOUNG lambs to sell!  
Young lambs to sell!  
If I'd as much money as I could tell  
I never would cry Young lambs to sell!

threats. Presently the mouse peeped out and, laughing, said, "It was I who bit your foot, and for all your pride and rage you are helpless."

It is foolish to be angry about trifles.

### THE ANGRY BULL

A mouse playfully bit a bull's foot and then ran back to its hole. The bull looked round fiercely to see who had dared affront him, and, seeing nobody, furiously began to tear up the ground and make all sorts of

O LORD, as we have need of mercy, may we be merciful to others. We know our own weaknesses; we know that often we fail. Help us in our great need and give us strength to enable us to look on others' weaknesses as opportunities for us to help them. Amen.

# Mick of Broadway

Every Saturday Mick would take two shillings out of the precious pile of the pennies he had earned selling newspapers and would make his way to a jeweller's shop, emerging in a few minutes with a broad smile on his face. His mother thought there was something he was trying to hide from her, but pretended not to notice anything.

Mick was a freckle-faced newsboy in Glebe, a Sydney suburb. He had many friends on the Broadway, where he sold his papers. When his father, a naval man, went to the war not long ago Mick said to his mother: "I'll look after you, Mum, because I'm the man of the house now."

The 30th week was an exciting one, for Mick had just got his first tailored suit, and on the Saturday he came out of the jeweller's shop carrying a big parcel which ticked mysteriously. It was a shining new clock he had been buying for his mother on the instalment plan.

There was no prouder boy that night than Mick when he gave his mother the gift; but, alas, it was the last present her little man was to give her. A few days later Mick was racing along on his bicycle when a lorry ran into him and killed him. He was only a newsboy, but he was beloved, and at his funeral was a beautiful wreath "from his admirers and pals on Broadway."

